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PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1915.

A man cannot be content with what he has when he knows that he has been robbed of what he ought to have had.

The Kaiser's Reason for the War

The Kaiser's interview with the German Chancellor reveals two notable facts. The first is the splendid loyalty of Von Bethmann-Hollweg to the Kaiser. He speaks in terms of warmest praise of his master, and defends him with the ardor of a genuine patriot. This does credit to his character, and it justifies the wisdom of the Kaiser in selecting him for the high post that he occupies.

The second fact is that the Chancellor is anxious to remove from the shoulders of the Kaiser the responsibility for starting the war. That decent respect for the opinion of mankind, to which Jefferson referred on an immortal occasion, led the statesmen of all the contending Powers to put the blame on some one else. It is evidently an unpopular war, even with those engaged in it, and each nation is insisting that it was forced into arms. The German Chancellor holds England, and not Russia, responsible for the whole thing. If the British had informed France and Russia that they must let Austria-Hungary do its will with Serbia, Von Bethmann-Hollweg says, there would have been no war. So the British tipped over the brick which sent the whole row down! It is not necessary to argue this point pro or con. But it is important that it be put on record, that there is not a statesman in all Europe who is not heartily ashamed of the infamous war, and anxious to apologize for it.

"Why Do You Fear Me, Nellie?"

THERE is not a politician in the city of Philadelphia who dares say that he is opposed to rapid transit. There are a good many of them who say they are for it, but not in the way it is possible to get it.

In the first act of the melodrama the villain threw Nellie in front of an approaching express train. In the second he tossed her from Brooklyn Bridge. In the third he shot at her three times at close range, set her house on fire, threw a dynamite bomb into her carriage and sold her to some Chinese slavers. In the fourth, being in love with her, he asked, "Why do you fear me, Nellie?"

And now the gas-stool advocates and franchise-grabbers, oily with perfumes, throw out their appealing hands and cry, "Why do you fear our transit scheme, Philadelphia?" How could the world get along without humor?

New Commission to Begin Functioning

THE Federal Trade Commission will soon begin to function. Congress is not always in session, therefore it was deemed wise to provide a prodding instrument to take its place during the off season. So the country has a permanent commission of inquiry and regulation, which, it is anticipated, will spread the "New Freedom" into the farthest corners of private and successful business, with the idea of determining by what right dividends are being earned and salaries paid on time.

The seamen's law will be effective in ending whatever chance there may have been for the rehabilitation of our ocean-going marine. There is, therefore, nothing left to stay except the enterprises which have managed, in one way or another, to survive "the interminable Congress." What a fine thing it will be, though, if this new commission forgets its raison d'être, conducts itself in a sensible way and undertakes actually to encourage business.

People who prefer bread and butter to fine phrases would rejoice exceedingly were such a miracle to happen.

The "Reformed" Senate

NO NEW man who takes his seat in the "reformed" Senate can fill the place occupied by Elihu Root, of New York, or Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio. These two men are succeeded by Senators chosen in the new way, which was to change the most distinguished legislative chamber in the world into a body representative of something better than the States, namely, the "people." But we were told that if the Senators were chosen by popular vote such men as Root and Burton would have seats there. The electors would choose the ablest citizens to represent them and the old abuses would disappear.

The result cannot be wholly pleasing to the friends of the reform. In this State the election of a Senator at the polls resulted in prolonging the political power of Penrose and his machine, and in Kansas was followed by the return of Curtis to Washington. Wadsworth, of New York, who succeeds Root, may be an able man, but he is not in the same class with the distinguished statesman who is retiring. The New York Legislature would have returned Root under the old system, and Penrose might possibly have been defeated in the General Assembly here. The country will have to wait along under the new system as best it may.

How to Make Everybody Happy

THE co-operation which will give the consumer a dollar's worth of food for every dollar that he spends is the kind that every town dweller is looking for. A speaker at the Farmers' Institute in Horticultural Hall has promised this kind of mutual helpfulness. It is to come about through the sale of the products of the farm to the consumer as directly as possible. At present the town dweller gets about 25 cents' worth of farm produce for a dollar. This goes to the various persons who handle it on its way

from the field to the table. The cost of distribution is responsible for much of the high cost of living. The farmer would doubtless be content if he could get 50 cents for what he now sells for 35 cents, and the consumer would be delighted to get for 75 cents what now costs him \$1.

But when is this result to be brought about? The farmer or the company of co-operative farmers who can accomplish it will deserve the thanks of every producer and consumer, and even some of the middlemen may then find it more profitable to go into the producing business than to continue to serve merely as a go-between from the field to the dinner table.

The Governor's Glorious Guilt

THE local option situation has clarified itself in the two months that Doctor Brumbaugh has been in office, so that there is no excuse for any misconception about what is involved in the fight.

The organization, otherwise the Penrose machine, which refused to endorse local option in the party platform, is lining up with the interests which are seeking to prevent the counties of the Commonwealth from having home rule. They wish to prevent the temperance communities from closing the saloons, and they are prepared to use all the power at their command to carry their purpose.

The Governor, who was elected on his own local option platform, is calling to his support the Democrats and Progressives, who also pledged themselves to local option in the campaign preceding election. The Governor is a Republican, but he is a Pennsylvanian first. He did his best to align his party with the undoubted sentiment of the majority of the voters of all parties. He failed. But he maintains that local option is not a partisan issue in the sense that the tariff is partisan; and that it is not a political issue, save as every device for securing to the people the right to govern themselves is a political issue. If the Democrats will align themselves with him in the fight for home rule on the liquor question, so much the better for the Democrats. If the Republican machine chooses to align itself with the whiskey interests in opposition to home rule, so much the worse for the machine.

The attempt to convict the Governor of party treason because of his appeal to the Democrats will fail. It is possible, however, to convict him of opposition to the whiskey interests. He admits it and glories in it. He is guilty of the high crime of striving with all his might to secure for the people of the Commonwealth the legal right to oust the saloon when they tire of it. This is the kind of guilt that glorifies. To be innocent of it is a disgrace which only a blind and stumbling party organization could court.

Is New Freedom Despotism in Disguise?

Another evil is that of buyers playing one manufacturer against another, and the consequent cutting of prices to get business.

THIS interesting statement does not appear in a formal defense of a combination to fix prices, but in an attack by the Department of Commerce upon the manufacturers of Montgomery County for what it describes as their inefficient and lax business methods.

Secretary Redfield is not so familiar with the gospel of the New Freedom as he should be, or he would not let any such treasonable statement go out from his office. The consumer has been freed from the tyranny of the trust agreement and the manufacturers have been forced to fight for their lives in the field of free competition. Is this not what the President has brought about by his legislative program? Did not he promise the country that this was what he would do?

The only justification for this apparent backfire from the President's own artillery is that Secretary Redfield and the Administration believe that the Government should fix all prices and prevent price cutting. The new anti-trust bill makes it a misdemeanor to sell goods to one man for less than they are sold to another, and it may soon be a penal offense to try to sell goods at all without first asking permission from some bureau in Washington. But it is incredible that the New Freedom can be only a disguise for the old tyranny of the middle-age despotisms.

Value of Air Craft in War

IN A report of operations of his army in the field, during December and January, Field Marshal French says, "Armies have now grown accustomed to rely largely on aircraft reconnaissance for accurate information of the enemy, but the effective performance of this service is materially influenced by wind and weather." Not as agents of destruction, but as feelers for cannon; not as destroyers, but as the eyes of armies where aeroplanes come into their own.

Never before in the history of war have opposing generals been so well informed of the situation and movement of the enemy as in the present conflict. There is little chance for surprises of any kind. Whatever victories are won must be won by hard fighting, with the infantry rushing in to capitalize the smashing of the artillery. The ships of the air have fully demonstrated their worth in war, though not exactly in the manner expected. Their functions are different from but in no respect less important than what was anticipated.

A single good roads day a year is not enough for a State of this size, with such bad roads.

Talk of reviving racing in this vicinity "to improve the breed of horses" is being heard again.

There ought to be voices enough in this city to supply two choral societies of 500 to assist the orchestra in producing the great symphonies.

That actress-nurse who thinks that it is a crime against neutrality for Americans to sell munitions of war to the belligerents is a pro-German.

It will take until March 15 for the Congressional Record, appearing every day, to print all the things said in the closing days of the session. Talk is not cheap.

The Treasury Department believes that there is a drawback on automobiles. The man who puts a mortgage on his house to buy one has discovered that there is a drawback.

The snow has temporarily reduced the number of unemployed, especially in the early hours of the morning, when a man would rather be abed than get out and shovel the walks.

The pupils in the Hill School, of Pottstown, think that Lincoln was the greatest American who ever lived. Some distinguished Americans now alive, who have a pretty good opinion of themselves, do not attend the Hill School, or the vote might have been different.

THE HERO OF THE ZEPPELINS

German Count Who Invented Them Served Apprenticeship in America and Won Success Only After Many Failures.

By JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS

THEUTON tongues utter the name Zeppelin with affection, but it sends a shiver down the spines of Britisher, Frenchman and Slav. In it the neutral finds magic, for it spells "pluck"—with a big "P." Count Zeppelin is as game a hero as figures in the European cataclysm. Perhaps there is none other who, at three score years and ten, could come back to begin life anew after a lifetime of successive failures resulting in utter ruin; indeed, dependence upon the charity of others. That feat has been accomplished by Ferdinand von Zeppelin. The Fatherland loves him for it. And now, in his 77th year, the aged count proposes to leap across the deep, in one of his mammoth shuttles, and pay us a visit (which, he assures us, will be bombless).

Indeed, Zeppelin's affection for America is sincere. There is a lot of sentiment behind his proposal to come flying hither over the defiant Atlantic.

In Our Civil War

He first served his apprenticeship in military ballooning (in—or, rather, above—this land of ours). While our Civil War was raging he—then a dashing cavalry officer of 25—was detailed by his army as a war observer to travel with the Union troops. During this service he narrowly escaped capture at Fredericksburg. While attached to the Army of the Potomac he ascended in one of the Union war balloons and observed the enemy's movements, thereby receiving an inspiration by which his present Kaiser's army is now profiting. And here we have another "Made-in-America" idea being put to use by our warlike cousins.

A paunchy Teuton above medium stature, Bismarckian in baldness of dome and fierceness of mustache, yet merrily quizzical of eye, is Zeppelin today. He gets his noble title from among the first of the land barons of Germany, and one of his ancestors was minister to Frederick the Great, who, in his honor, erected a monument at Ludwigsburg (where the present count attended military school before going up to Tuebingen University). Lake Constance, upon whose shore the present Count Zeppelin was born, has mirrored the long series of pathetic failures that but recently culminated in the triumphs which have made his name famous the world over. When but 18 he began these experiments, which early convinced friends and neighbors that he was a madman. He devoted himself first to the heavier-than-air principle of flight, that which was to break so many hearts and heads. Model after model fashioned by his dextrous hands was sent fluttering into the wavelets of Lake Constance. To watch contemporary inventors he made expensive trips about Europe.

The Siege of Paris.

This period of futile experimentation was interrupted by his military mission to America, and it might here be added (as a sidelight upon his character) that after Lee's surrender he returned into our northern wilderness to discover the sources of the Mississippi, but came nearer to starvation than to his goal. Returning home, he took up arms against his country's present ally, Austria, and soon after against its present foe, France. Across the French frontier he and 10 comrades made a heroic dash on the very day war was declared. None of the others in the intrepid little band escaped.

But what most thrilled the plucky young count during the Franco-Prussian War was the sight of refugees escaping from besieged Paris in balloons. This spectacle rekindled that interest in the war balloon which Zeppelin had first gained in America. The ultimate result was abandonment of the heavier-than-air for the balloon principle flight. But before these later experiments could attain the stage of public demonstration the count reached his 33d birthday. He now began to demonstrate how vigorously the human mind can create after middle life. When these experiments began he possessed a magnificent landed estate at Gyslar, Wurttemberg, and a handsome mansion in Stuttgart. He was very rich. He faced no prospect of crumbling fortunes.

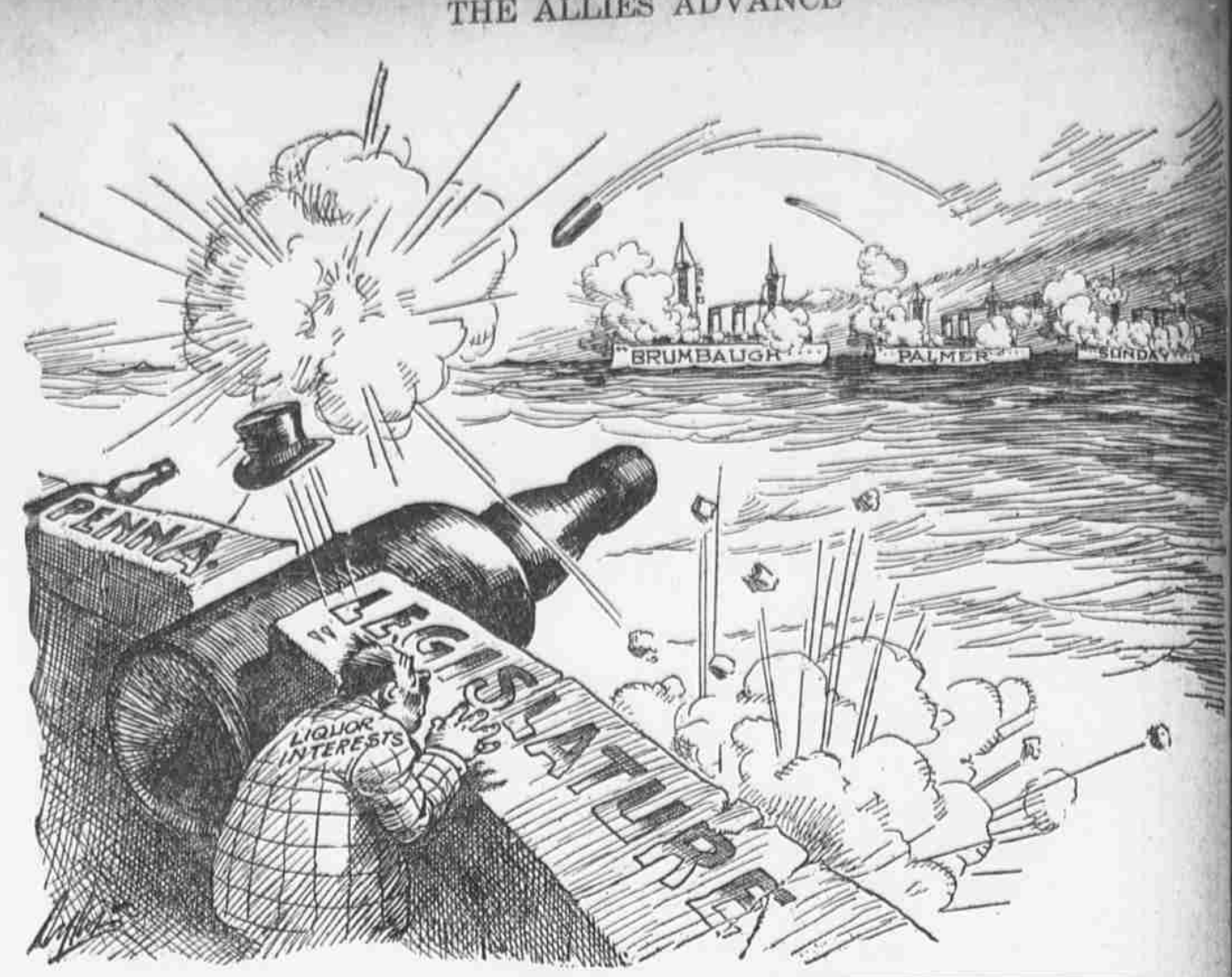
In France he saw the noted aeronaut, Renaud, fly a cigar-shaped balloon, whose flabby body resembled the plaything of the wind despite the desperate efforts of its clumsy electric motor. About that time our papers were filled with glowing accounts of aluminum. Zeppelin, returning to France, was quick to take advantage of the new metal, of which he now had wrought a light shuttle-shaped framework of cantilever construction. Inside this he placed a waterproof envelope concealing 16 separate balloons. At the same time he turned to his advantage the light engine perfected by pioneers then experimenting with the automobile. As a result he perfected a dirigible balloon which, in theory, seemed to put Renaud's to shame. Germany appeared to have won another victory over France.

Yet scorn and opposition were still being directed at the count by a large faction of his own countrymen. He was branded a visionary, a crank. Men of influence were warned to take no stock in him and, as these pessimists predicted, his first dirigible was a failure. Part of his estate had been sold to pay for it. Discouragement smote him, but he was quick to recover. He saw the defects that had caused the failure and determined to remedy them in another model.

Faced by Ruin.

More land was sold and soon Zeppelin's second dirigible mounted the air. It made a record flight of 900 miles, passing safely through cloudbursts, thunderstorms and hurricanes. T. umph seemed within the inventor's grasp, but while the rejoicing multitudes were throwing up their caps it drifted away from its moorings, unmanned, and proved a sad failure. That was in January, 1906. The Count, although now 63 and gambling against poverty and ruin, staked his reputation on a third monster, which, after showing great promise, fell a pitiable wreck upon the Swiss shore of Lake Constance. The aged inventor was now in the very depths of despondency. Every house and every acre of his once princely estate had been invested in failure. The papers published pathetic pen pictures of his plight.

Upon a small pittance allowed by wealthy relatives, he and his Countess were forced to live in a four-roomed cottage in a remote village of South Germany. But his discouragement was again of short duration. Zealously to take another chance, he went up to Berlin and after a hard struggle won over



enough pessimistic friends in the Reichstag to put through a bill appropriating \$125,000 for further experiments.

When the Count was 70 he contemplated his fourth dirigible. The Government agreed to purchase it for half a million dollars if it should remain 24 hours in the air, and then land safely upon terra firma. But after a record-breaking 12-hour flight and while anchored for repairs, the noble ship was exploded by an electric spark generated by defective machinery.

Fortunately, this fourth dirigible had, during its remarkable flight, been able to restore public confidence before the explosion took place. A great fund was at once raised by popular subscriptions and the Government chipped in. The result was the "Deutschland," which, after a long series of successes, was blown into a forest and completely wrecked, her passengers descending from the trees by ladders; and next appeared "Zeppelin VI," whose careless crew set her adrift while she lay in her dock.

Despite all these discouragements the Count was recently able to organize a corporation with \$3,000,000 capital and to build an immense plant endowed with more than \$1,500,000 of Government money. This plant has for several years been turning out the successful military "Zeppelins" used in the present operations against the Allies.

Even before the outbreak of the present war Zeppelin was the most popular man in Germany. So much had his aeronautical triumphs made him the hero of heroes that, to escape ovations at railway stations, he had to confine his goings and comings to automobiles—or Zeppelins.

OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL

Lord Bryce Compares It in Situation and Beauty With the Capitals of Europe.

IN A paper prepared for the National Geographic Society, Lord Bryce, former British Ambassador to this country, considers Washington in comparison with the leading capitals of the world. After speaking a warm admiration for the ideal site of the city—a beautiful amphitheatre between hills that are rich with woods—and declaring that the surroundings of the American capital yield only to Constantinople, with its Bosphorus, among the great capitals of the world for charm of setting, our friendly critic contrasts Washington with its rival cities abroad.

"Whereas Nature was most lavish in the artistry with which it modeled the site for future Washington," he says, "Berlin stands in a sandy waste, perfectly flat, with here and there a swampy pond or lake, and washed by a sluggish stream. The German capital is stately. Its streets are broad. They are bordered by many noble buildings, but the envious never can be beautiful because of an ungracious Nature. Petrograd, the great Russian capital, has but one beauty, that of its splendid river, Neva. Besides this stream, there is but a flat, often waterlogged, surrounding country, here and there dotted with stagnant pools and swamps, and stretching into an almost limitless distance, devoid of feature.

"The landscapes around Paris are agreeable, but have nothing at all striking, nothing nearly so fine in the lines of their scenery as the hills that inclose the valley in which Washington lies, and no such charm of such a still wild forest as Washington affords. Nor is the Seine a stream which can be compared to our Potomac. So, too, is the scenery of London, Madrid and Vienna behind that of Washington.

"The Thames, the Wien and Madrid's thirty little streamlets cannot begin to compare with the beauty of the broad Potomac. Chief among the advantages of these foreign capitals over Washington is their quality of being ancient, an old age which gives to them a certain number of picturesque buildings, crooked old streets, stately churches and spots hallowed by the name of famous men who were born there, died there or worked there. This advantage the American capital can hope to overcome with time.

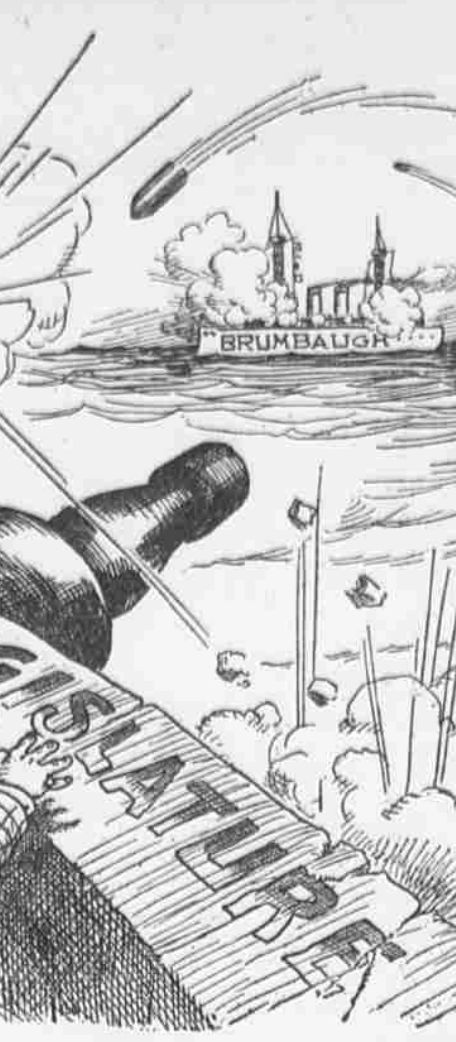
"There are a legion of points in favor of the young capital upon the Potomac. There is no more beautifully wooded city in the world than our national capital, nor one in which the trees seem to be so proper a part of the city's life. Further, where other capitals are crowded, some to a point of almost irreparable congestion, there is still plenty of elbow room in Washington, still every opportunity to make improving changes in buildings and in city plan. Washington is not a noisy commercial or smoky industrial city. The magnificent structures in its avenues need not become sooted with the grime of factories."

TO THE OVERANXIOUS

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking!
—W. D. Howells

THE ALLIES ADVANCE

BRUMBAUGH PALMER SUNDAY



BEST THOUGHT IN AMERICA

(1) North American Review—"The Organization of Public Opinion."
 (2) Atlantic Monthly—"Some Political Phases of Government Ownership."
 (3) Everybody's—"Guilty of Unemployment. Who? This Nation?"

PUBLICISM

IT is a curious human phenomenon that the person who does not agree with you should always be illogical in his arguments, blind to fallacies, careless as to premises and utterly irrelevant in his deductions. Man of parts he may be, holder of a dozen doctor's degrees, publicist de luxe, with a national reputation for brilliance, but naive, even puerile, in his reasoning. The curious thing is that this fatal flaw in his logic ruins his entire style. He seems to have lost his "punch" since a year ago, when he wrote that delightful article on "Hoodooes and Voodooes in the Antipodes."

In spite of pitying him for his fatuous feebleness, there is a certain fascination in watching his misguided efforts. There is always stimulus, a sort of intellectual massage for a conservative in reading radical articles, and for radicals in reading reactionary propaganda. There is a fair division of articles on public affairs and interests between both sides in the current magazines.

Under the mild and generic title, "The Organization of Public Opinion," in the North American Review (1), President Hadley, of Yale, represents the conservatives with a criticism of the direct primary. He is cheerfully optimistic in his description of the convention system, from under which we are just passing.

For the past 20 years we have been trying to give the people a more direct voice in the work of government. We have been experimenting with measures like the initiative, the referendum, the recall or the direct primary. As we look over what has been accomplished by those means, we are surprised to see how slight has been their effect. The new system has simply substituted one kind of organization for another.

In 1824 we overthrew the legislative caucus as a dominant power in politics and left the field open for the party machine. Today we are overthrowing the party machine and are leaving the field open to the press. And according as the press uses its new power for evil or for good, will the results of the referendum and the direct primary and other similar agencies of modern democracy, be also evil or good.

The convention system has been distinctly favorable to the nomination of businesslike candidates for the principal offices. With the Middle Ages to the present time the nomination of candidates has been a private affair. We are almost certain to see a larger number of candidates who represent extreme views on either side.

Are We Advancing Backward?

The conservative point of view is sounded again in a warning against Government ownership in the February Atlantic (2). The article is by Samuel Dunn, who is editor of the Railway-Age Gazette.

The fundamental trouble with Government ownership is that it reverses a tendency which has marked the progress of modern civilization and has contributed greatly toward promoting it—the tendency toward differentiation of political and economic functions. Under the patriarchal system all political, social and economic functions were concentrated in the patriarch. From the Middle Ages to the present time the differentiation of these various functions, while often retarded, has never ceased.

Government ownership is a movement backward because it would reconcentrate political and economic functions. Public ownership often is advocated as the only effective means of destroying the corrupting alliance of big business and politics. But already the two great movements for the purification of politics and for the regulation of concerns of a monopolistic or quasi-monopolistic character have practically destroyed this alliance and are raising the tone of politics and reducing the abuses in business.

To balance this defense of "things-as-is," there is a ringing arraignment of our governmental negligence in regard to unemployment by William Hard in Everybody's (3):

We knew 12 months ago that during this winter, as during all previous winters, the owners of the earth, the employers, the leaders would be obliged in the annual lapses of their leadership, to discard several million of their employees, their followers—would be obliged to desert them—would be obliged to leave them leaderless and workless. And we knew that in the ears of countless harassed, hunger-hunted men the whisper of irresponsible recklessness would sound, and the suggestion of crime which brings food, and of vice, which brings forgetfulness, would make its entrance, and at the end of the winter we should have one more new regiment of shattered characters—one more new horde of those who were among the unemployed but who are now forever among the unemployed.

There are four devices . . . for blotting out this spectacle . . . of leaders abandoning and followers starving. These devices . . . are ascertained, established, standing rusting for use. We knew them last winter. We knew them the winter before that. The committees of distinguished gentlemen who are now investigating the un-

employed, lodging them, souping them, making them . . . mothers' maiden names will discover . . . but what was already lying record . . . various reports on unemployment.

The four devices recommended and described by Mr. Hard are:

- 1—"Regularization," meaning the regulating of their output by firms, so as to spread it out evenly through the year to eliminate rush and dull seasons.
- 2—Public employment bureaus.
- 3—Public works, large scale public improvements, of commercial and practical value, which at the same time provide best work for thousands.
- 4—Unemployment insurance, as successfully established in England and other countries.

THE EIFFEL TOWER

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.
 Not long ago the Eiffel Tower celebrated its 20th birthday, and no doubt a lot of Paris looked up from their war bulletins long enough to remark that it was pretty tall for its age. The Eiffel Tower is still the standing joke of Paris.

If this tallest of all man-made structures assessed the human senses it could tell an amazing story. For a quarter of a century it has braved the elements, shrinking in the cold, expanding in the sun, the most extended thermometer by many degrees known to man. Its summit twice a day Greenwich mean time is sent out by wireless telegraphy and chronometers are thereby regulated. Scientists have found it useful in ascertaining variations of atmospheric pressure, and the result of their observations shows that the tower is a mighty barometer as well as a tower. It offers the means for many other observations of an interesting nature.

In short, the great structure, which was designed as a world's fair wonder, a public attraction, a show feature, a marvel, a tower, developed factors of scientific value of which is doubtful if the ambitious designer dreamed. Now it passes its quarter-century birthday erect, round, sound in brace and bolt. Look at it stand.

WRITERS IN GORGEOUS RAIMENT

From the London Chronicle.
 A love of gorgeous raiment, such as characterized M. Emile Verhaeren in his youth, has been common to many famous writers. As well as a young man started the town in evening dress comprising green velvet trousers, a canary-colored waistcoat, and a canary-colored shirt. Dickens, likewise, was fond of certain bright green waistcoat which he wore in accompaniment with a vivid scarlet shirt. He turned up at Frith's studio one day in a sky-blue overcoat with red cuffs. Even fearful and wonderful was Dumas' appearance at an ambassador's reception in "a shirt" which were depicted a number of little yellow figures. "My costume was a great case," he wrote, "every one thronged round and made much of me."

A PASTORAL

There is a hill beside the silver Thames,
 Shady with birch and beech and cedar,
 And brilliant underfoot with thousand grass,
 Steeply the thickets to his floods decline.
 Straight trees in every place
 Theil thick tops like a forest green,
 And pendant branches trail their foliage
 Upon his watery face.

Swift from the sweltering pastures he flies
 Robbing the golden market of the bees,
 Pictures his gentle purpose, as he goes
 Straight to the caverned pool his tail he dips.

His winter floods lay bare
 The about roots in the air;
 His summer streams are cool, when
 Have played
 Among their fibrous hair.

A rushy island guards the sacred bow,
 And hides it from the meadow, where
 Peace
 The lazy cows wrench many a scented dew,
 Robbing the golden market of the bees;
 And laden barges float
 By banks of myosotis,
 And scented flag and golden fleur-de-lis
 Delay the loitering boat.

And on this side the island, where the pool
 Eddies away, are tangled mass on mass
 The water-weeds, that net the fishes cool,
 And scarce allow a narrow stream to pass
 The drowning nenuphar,
 Waving the tassels of her sliken gram,
 Below her silver stars.

Where is the bower beside the silver Thames,
 O pool and flowery thickets, hear my song,
 O trees of freshest foliage and straight grass,
 No shamer of my secret I allow!
 Last are I come the while
 Strange feet your shades defile
 Or lest the burly carman turn his prow
 Within your guardian isle.
 —Robert Bridges

EX LIBRIS

In an old book at even as I read
 Fast fading words down my shadowy page,
 I crossed a tale of how, in other age,
 At Arica, with his books around him, sat
 The word to Petrarch; and with noble soul
 Bowed gently o'er his volume that even
 To Silence paid his willing homage,
 And they who found him whispering,
 Thus timely from old comradeships would
 To Silence also rise. Yet there he sat,
 Stillness and only these still waters,
 And no light shone save my low light
 Last of his kind, intent some human
 Interpret not the Messenger's sight.
 —Arthur Upson in "The"